

HABIB

"Pilot"

Written by
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Based on the viral video:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AjhMy2UR55g>

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COLD OPEN

INT. WEDDING HALL - DAY

The large hall is beautifully decorated. Arab families sit at their tables while others dance. Arabic music plays. FARAH (late 40s, helicopter mother) dances in a **Dabke** (circle dance) next to a YOUNG ARAB GIRL.

FARAH

Are you here by yourself? You know, you'd be perfect for my son Sami. He's studying to be a doctor, he can speak Arabic, and he still has all his hair. I can introduce you when he gets here.

This poor girl desperately wants out of this conversation, but is stuck in the dance circle. Farah takes out her phone.

FARAH (CONT'D)

I don't know what's taking him so long... probably saving a life.

INT. SURGERY ROOM - NIGHT

SAMI SALEEM (mid 20s, sarcastic, dreamer at heart) in scrubs, performs a high stakes surgery. The room is dark apart from the bright light shining on him and the obscured patient. EMILIA (mid 20s, selfless but ambitious) monitors the vitals.

EMILIA

Patient's pulse is rising..... He's destabilizing! You're losing him!

The heart rate flatlines. Sami tries reviving him, but no luck. The lights come on. REVEAL -- the patient is just a DUMMY. Sami takes off his mask, completely unfazed.

SAMI

Well, I did my best.

EMILIA

You didn't even check for allergies before administering the anesthetic. It's like you haven't studied at all.

SAMI

That's not entirely true.

EMILIA

Well, congrats. Your patient's dead.

SAMI
I'll notify the next of kin.

Sami walks to the other side of the room. REVEAL -- more medical dummies sitting on chairs. He addresses them.

SAMI (CONT'D)
We did everything we could. I'm so sorry for your loss.

EMILIA
Did you set those up beforehand just to make that joke?

SAMI
Please, Emilia. Some respect for the bereaved.
(to the dummies)
Next time we'll have Dr. Brooke operate. She's much more qualified.

Emilia rolls her eyes but can't help but smile. What a goof. Sami's brother OMAR (mid 30s, doctor, straight-edge) enters.

OMAR
Emilia, Dr. Yates is outside.

EMILIA
See you guys tomorrow. Have fun tonight.

Emilia grabs her stuff and exits. Sami watches through the window as she enters the hall and kisses DOCTOR YATES (classically handsome, a tad snobby). They leave together.

OMAR
Sami, that was brutal. You're going to fail your rotation exam if you don't put in more effort. This simulation was supposed to be a practical way for you to study.

SAMI
Wait, this is a simulation?!

He touches the Dummy and it falls to the floor.

SAMI (CONT'D)
Oh my god! We're in a simulation!

OMAR
You should be taking this seriously. People's lives will be in your hands.

SAMI

I know, it was just a joke. Why do you always have to be so uptight?

OMAR

Why do you always need so much attention?

SAMI

(super dramatic)

Ouch! My feelings! Doctor, can you operate on my feelings?!

Omar ignores him as he checks his phone.

OMAR

We gotta go. Mom texted the group chat 18 times asking where we are. She probably thinks we're dead...

SAMI

That's attention I can do without.

INT. WEDDING HALL - DAY

Sami and Omar enter and greet aunties and uncles with cheek kisses. They join their parents at the table. Omar kisses his wife, NADINE, as they sit. Their parents speak a mix of English and [Arabic] - square brackets always mean Arabic.

FARAH

Sami! What took you so long? [I've been on the look out for you].

(pointing to a girl)

See her? [She's cute, and I hear she cooks well].

SAMI

Great, mom. Maybe she should be a chef. Also, hi to you too.

FARAH

Sami! Be serious. [Why aren't you thinking about marriage?]

SAMI

I prefer to think about dating first. Take it step by step.

FARAH

La dating wala bating (subtitled: dating shmating). Just pick an Arab girl and go talk to her.

Across the hall, the Girl's Mom whispers in her ear and points to Sami. They're clearly having the exact same conversation. The Mom waves. Sami's mom excitedly waves back. Sami rolls his eyes and turns to his brother.

SAMI

Wanna get a drink?

OMAR

We're both working at 6am...

FARAH

Why can't you be more responsible like your brother? He found an Arab girl when he was your age.

Sami looks at Omar and Nadine. They're cute, but it's not what he wants yet. He sighs and goes to the bar alone. On his way, he bumps into AMU SABBAAH (50s, family friend).

AMU SABBAAH

Sami! How's school? Are you engaged yet? There are a lot of girls here!

Sami looks like he wants to put a literal bullet in his head. At the front of the hall, RULA (50s, charismatic, well-spoken) gets up to make a speech. Her presence commands the room.

RULA

[Thank you all for coming tonight.]
As mother of the groom, I'm sure you're expecting me to tell embarrassing stories about my son. But... I'd rather not say anything that could hurt my campaign.

The crowd laughs. FADY (her son, the groom), excitedly awaits the rest of her speech next to his white girl wife, ADDISON.

RULA (CONT'D)

Fady, I just want to say how proud of you we all are. You've accomplished so much, mashallah. You're an entrepreneur, a philanthropist, the founder of a social media app used on almost **every** device in the country - be sure to follow me on Nadi - and now you're a loving husband. You've come a long way from the boy who used to cry when people called him "fatty" instead of Fady.

The crowd laughs again. At the table, Sami rolls his eyes.

SAMI

That'd be a lot funnier if we actually knew him. What are we, second cousins... 5 times removed?

FARAH

[Shh, quiet. It's rude not to invite everyone in the community!]

RULA

I can't stress how proud I am to be your mother. Anyway, I won't force you all to sit through another brutally long speech...

She eyes the Bridal table. They all look down, sheepishly.

RULA (CONT'D)

So cheers to the bride and groom!

Everyone claps and cheers.

FARAH

[Rula's speech was nice. You can't even tell she's sad her son married a foreigner.]

Sami rolls his eyes. PERFORMER and his Band play. Sami's dad NABIL (50s, tough, emotionally constipated) enjoys the music.

NABIL

This singer is amazing.

Sami notices all the women fawning over the performer.

SAMI

(stirring the pot)
Yeah, he is... I was thinking about becoming a performer myself --

Nabil immediately snaps out of his enjoyment.

NABIL

[What? Why would you want to pursue such a disgraceful career?! Shame.]
(beat)

You need to finish medical school.

Sami shakes his head at the hypocrisy.

SAMI

Relax, pop. I have every intention to continue the career you picked for me. I was just kidding.

NABIL

Save your jokes for your Tic Tacs.

SAMI

It's Tik Tok. And nobody uses that anymore. Everyone uses Nadi now.

NABIL

Why they keep changing it? I just got Instagram.

Sami checks his NADI APP. His new video only has 56 views. The rest are in the low 100s. He sighs, then watches the performer, inspired. He longs for attention like that.

Suddenly, **BOOM** - the wall explodes near the bridal table. Everyone scatters in fear. Security escorts Rula, Fady, and Addison away. REVEAL - TWO WHITE MALES: BILL and KEVIN (clearly brawn over brains, both wearing tight plain white t-shirts), stand behind the hole in the wall.

BILL

Why didn't the other bombs go off?!

KEVIN

I don't know! Only one worked!

BILL

Well don't stand there! Get her!

Kevin pulls out his gun and enters the hall. Sami, about to run, sees the Girl and her Mom (from earlier) squished under a table. Sami runs to them. He musters juuuust enough strength to lift the table so they can squeeze out.

GIRLS' MOM

Thank you, habibi! You're so brave. Have you met my daughter, Maryam?

SAMI

Not now! Just go!

Kevin sees Sami and points his gun at him. Sami cuts his arm dropping the table to raise his hands. Maryam and her Mom run.

KEVIN

WHERE'S RULA NASSER?!

SAMI

I-I don't know.

Suddenly, a **GREEN ENERGY-CHARGED THROWING STAR** knocks the gun from Kevin's hand. GREEN STAR, a masked hero in black armor with a green star on his chest, **FLIES IN** and **KNOCKS KEVIN OUT**.

GREEN STAR
TAKE COVER!

Sami ducks as more white-shirted GUNMEN storm in. Green Star throws stars at some and beats others hand-to-hand.

Green Star prevails. As all the gunmen moan in pain, Green Star notices two timers at 0:00 on the other side of the exploded wall. They look like bombs, but the wires are disconnected. That explains why they didn't blow...

Bill, woozy from the fight, yells out at him.

BILL
You're not the hero here, Green Star. We are. By not letting that filth infiltrate our city. She can go back to her country and run for office there!

Green Star approaches him. Sami comes out from under a table.

BILL (CONT'D)
Mark my words: she'll be dead long before she's elected. The Tight Whites will make sure of it!

SAMI
Sorry, did you guys name your supremacist group "The Tight Whites?"

BILL
NO RACE IS TIGHTER, NO SKIN IS WHITER!
(stomps feet)
TIGHT WHITES!

SAMI
Wow. You really don't hear it...

Sami looks to Green Star like "can you believe this guy?!" Green Star doesn't indulge - he's strictly business.

Sirens are heard outside. Green Star takes off, leaving the gunmen to be arrested. In the background, Kevin sneakily limps away. Sami is left alone with Bill and the others.

BILL
Not so fun when we blow up your people, is it? You terrorist.

SAMI
Dude... Really?

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